2023 07 12

Dear Mrs. Dunahee,

Thirteen years ago, I wrote the **Victoria City Police Department** concerning the disappearance of your son, Michael.

Eventually, after some confusion, I went to meet **Det-Sgt Al Cochrane** of the **Esquimalt Police Department**.

I informed him of my thoughts concerning **Garth Alan Mayhew—**then a friend of ten years whom I long suspected was involved in the disappearance of Michael, you son.

They sent me away—and nothing more came of it.

• •

Mr. Mayhew is the son of Limner artist **Elza Mayhew**, whose sculptures are seen in such places as before the ***University of Victoria Library***, the ***Archives*** (by the ***museum*** downtown, near the ***Legislature***), and in front of the **Victoria Police Department**, although she made it not whereof I saw the molds in her studio which were used to cast the group of persons attempting to keep the **"pillar of society from falling"** *albeit* most think them standing a column, eh!

And he was the grandson of the **Hon. Robert Wellington Mayhew**, whom was the first **Canadian Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Japan** after the ***Good War***—meaning his was the ***Voice of the Crown***; he was also a murder that killed a man with a shotgun, shooting the man in his Oak Bay back yard.

I met Mr. Mayhew at the **Sally Ann on Johnston Street**, ~25+ ys past. He seemed ***frail*** and ***dull-witted***, but after ten ys of fellowship, I determined that was all an act—and he was much ***stronger and smarter*** than he appeared, or let on.

He has an extensive allowance besides his properties… and can and ***does do as he wishes whenever he wishes*** without much thought to the cost or the consequence… for he has not much respect for anyone (or anything) at all… except for the people that cut him his cheques every month, eh!

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That I got a ***strange call*** was the first thing that happened after I removed me from the quaint **Fisherman's Wharf property** his family owned (on St. Lawrence St., whereof I was renting) —obviously a very posh location (and worth a lot of money)—me having lived in this **Single Room Occupancy** at the **Ritz Hotel** since then, which suits me just fine. The ***strange call*** I determined was either Det-Sgt Cochrane checking up on me… or

another ‘corrupt’ cop—for I have enemies in the police since events in Regina, SK—or Mayhew’s monied and unprincipled handlers… the cheque cutters… marking me…

• •

I am a poor soul (age 62) from the prairies… living alone in almost total isolation, right here in downtown central, for thirteen years—without friends… and not much to do with family: a 12’ X 14’ room from which I rarely wander!

I read… and I write… and I paint… and to do so I need be alone and prefer to be alone.

I had friends… but all are dead—and most were quite young, eh!

• •

Everyday it runs through my mind… several times per day… at what Keystone Cops are in charge of your missing son’s case—first this one, and then that one… always new faces, new minds, sure… they bring new thoughts and ideas. Seems be, though, anyone who cared would commit—like you—or, even (in a small way) as I am… for, indeed, I am sick of this unanswered query in my thoughts. The police should have treated me with gratitude and respect for coming forward about **“*the man in the brown van*”** (which had nothing to do with me bringing the matter of Mayhew to their attention… of which I only learned about the suspect vehicle afterwards).

Absolutely nothing came of my putting me way out on the ledge, where I was left hanging like a kitten left dangling from a cloth’s-line… wondering: Does anyone really care!?

No one ever came to talk to me or ask questions—not a one!

No one cared.

He—I full well believe that they know and believe him to be involved… but his family name and political power have buried it. Yet… me, it seems, am made to feel like a criminal for reaching out to share—and under speculative microscope for trusting you (whereof I shouldn’t have reached out nor trusted you at all).

Seems be, me being poor… and forever ‘a criminal’ being born one (i.e. in poverty), that I was subjected to the same bad treatment I’ve always received by the authorities, whom I foolishly approached… and whom seemed more than glad whence I was driven away by them… for when I dared interject me a second time into this old “cold case,” they in no uncertain terms let me know *that* anything I had to say was of little concern to them… and to drop it and leave them be alone, eh!

The “pigs” have had me sing this song before… in Saskatchewan: “Keep your mouth shut and say nothing and forget what you know…” or else, eh!

I felt sorry for you, thence, me thinking you too had to butt your heads against all kinds of invisible walls and barriers that appeared at random. Maybe I'm wrong about this…

I doubt I'm wrong about Mayhew's involvement in your son's disappearance, *though*; one thing is certain: He buggered off to Toronto shortly after your son vanished…!

Must be nice to have a lot of money…

You can see why I doubt the police and government officials…

I doubt you, as well.

• •

I am washing my hands clean of this business now—do with the information as you will. I no longer care.

I pray only to forget about Michael, Mayhew, the cops and you… and hope to never think of any of you again. But, I know, tis something *that* I will never forget and remember as long as I live… and long after I am dead, gone and long forgotten by all of you.

I am tired of ***bad treatment as a reward for good intentions***—and haply hereby commit me to that long, lonely journey into desolation, for ever—a hopeless soul damned in poverty from birth and always having known naught but want, now nigh homeless and sick of society, its ever-changing rules that are never the same and oft contradictory.

Never ever again will I trust any authorities—and I shall consul all others to do the same. I've been punished every time I turn to the police for help… and, oftimes in receipt of worse treatment by them than the bad treatment I deservedly got for myne few criminal compulsions. If, in expressing an opinion a soul is quashed for it… why bother thinking!?

So mote it be… it be so moot.

God's Grace, and, sincerely, my very best wishes, *also*…

Darcy John Bouchard, *a nameless nobody* *et cetera*

X

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